HER SISTER'S KEEPER.

short journey snored, or at least almost largest of all. Hester turned to her and for a match to light his pipe. snored a tune; a couple of horse traders | said sharply. who talked loud and long of the merits of "Injunopolis" to see the mother's sister, break your back, child." who, so she related to the long-suffering whenever that 'd be, so I jes picked up an' cum." There were two other people in the car. I sat behind them, but did not particularly notice them until the conductor | here." came for our tickets. They were two old

women. The older one seemed to be near seventy, large, raw-boned, with a masculine face and white hair. She wore a black wool dress and a black shawl. The other woman was smaller and looked to be about fifteen years younger, with a remarkably meek looking face, which was a mass of fine wrinkles. Her dress was of black calico, figured with blue rosebuds, a black and green shawl and black cotton gloves. It looked exactly as if they had made a mistake and each had worn the other's bonnet, as the large woman wore the small bonnet and the small woman wore the large bonnet,

Before the conductor reached her the older woman sprang up and began to search for her ticket. It seemed in vain for a time. She finally took things out of her pocket, one at a time, and placed them on the seat; a spool of black thread, a door key, a sample of tea, two folded handkerchiefs, one of them probably the property of the other woman, a small bunch of sage and, last of all, a dilapidated pocketbook, with the much-wanted tickets.

"I knowed I had 'em, sure," she said, to the waiting conductor. I made this deep pocket a purpose, and put mine and hern in it. I wuz afraid they'd git lost. She," pointing to the other woman, "is my sister, and hain't ben round much, so"-The sister turned.

"Aw, now, Hester, I've ben"-"Never you mind when I'm a talkin'." "Where was it you were going to say you had been?" asked the conductor.

Hester. "Weil, tell him, Marthy Ellun, and don't keep him waitin' all day."

She flushed and looked inquiringly at

"Well, I wuz jest going to say I'd ben down to Posey County twict to see our brother Eli."

She turned away, and I think I saw one or two tears fall. The sister talked on to the amused conductor. "You'll tell us, o' course, when we git

there. I wouldn't worry a bit, but Marthy Milo fetch you down an' "-Ellun's afraid we'll be took on through, an' tellin' her might settle her some." Marthy Ellun turned toward her. She

looked almost angry. "Lean back an' rest a bit, Marthy Ellun,

The conductor left them and came down the aisle with a twinkle in his eyes. The two old ladies sat quietly for a while. Then the older one leaned over the other and drew the shawl around her and patted one of her hands lovingly. "Oh, now, I thought you wuz asleep,

Marthy Ellun, an' I felt downright glad." "No, Hester, I wuz jes a thinkin' that I hedn't set by that winder sence we left home an' that we're mighty nigh there an' I won't git to at all."

"Well, of I ever heerd sich a speech. You ungrateful girl, when I fetched you here thinkin' you'd like it. An' when my eyes is so bad, too. I'm afraid, Marthy Ellun, that the Lord will punish you when you git old by taking your sight away for sich a thought. To-night we'll pray about

closed her lips tightly. "Aw, now, Hester, I forgot your eyes is bad. 'Pon my word, I don't want to set by no winder. I'm reel sorry, an' you air good to me. I'm most choked fur a drink,

She turned her back on Marthy and

Hester. Where do you git one when you're travelin'?" "Set still now, Marthy Ellun, while I get you a drink. I knowed you'd be sorry when you'd thought over doin' wreng."

The old lady had a hard time staggering to the end of the car. She twisted and turned the faucet, but all in vain. At last

"The thing is plumb empty, or else it's chugged up with mud. I've heered it's

dretful onhealthy; anyhow. You can wait a spell, can't you, Marthy Ellun?" The sister "allowed" she could do with-

suspiciously, but took the glass. Before Martha had finished drinking, however, her her mouth with her shawl, "ain't good fur you. She's much obleeged to you," she

drummer put on his overcoat, swore a were ready to get off fifteen minutes before "Aw, now, Hester, I'll look so bad with

my head like a bunnel." "Look bad! Who keers, I wonder? You ain't goin' to have a cold in your head if you look like a fright. Let that be just

like I tied it." "But, Hester, the knot hurts my neck powerful bad."

spiled you to thinkin' you kin hav your there'll keep you from getting sore throat."

and piled them in a seat. Each time the brakeman passed through the car the old had me. Finally the conductor came in, Both the women looked relieved. "Well, my friends," said he, "we've reached the end of our journey. Anybody

going to meet you?" Martha nodded her head vigorously and Hester answered:

"Oh, yes. I wrote to Milo an' he'll be there shore, I know jes how to git to his

The old lady tied a veil around her head as she talked, shaking her head at the same time at Martha, who had looked as though she was about to say something. But the look in the sister's eye quieted any thought of speaking which may have entered the "bunnel" of "Marthy Ellun" and she remained silent. The train stopped. The conductor stood by the door with his valise and cap in his hand. Hester looked at him for a minute, then said sadly:

"Look, Marthy Ellun, the pore man has lost his job. I do wonder what he will do now. I'm a great notion to ask him, but I guess they ain't time."

It was the end of the conductor's run, that one person could carry so many things. than 20.000 total abstainers.

Baskets, buckets, boxes, a worn valise, several bundles and a bunch of fall roses. Then she made for the door. Martha stood The train came puffing up, and, bidding at the window peering into the darkness, my friends good-bye, I got on. There were | with a pint bucket in one hand and a not many people in the car; a large negro | banana in the other. When she saw her siswoman who completely filled one seat, a | ter at the door she sprang forward wildly sleepy drummer, who before the end of our and picked up the remaining basket, the

"Hain't you enny sense at all, Marthy one particular horse; a tall, lank, swarthy | Ellun? Let that basket be. I give you all | married man with a one-roomed house of girl and her mother, who were coming to you air goin' to carry. Some day you'll his own, and having only looked in to pass

They both got off, the brakeman kindly conductor, she 'hadn't seen fur seven helping with the basket. The conductor hospitality. years, not but what I've be'n asked, but I told them to follow him, and curiously, but be'n waitin' fur the monument to be nigher | with apparent indifference, I went along done, an' Jane wrote that she didn't know behind. When they reached the gate and looked around they found that no one had turned generously. come to meet them. Martha began to cry. "Goodness me, Hester, Milo he ain't

Hester stopped, staggering under her bur-"Now, Marthy Ellun, no more o' that,

know what to do and we'll do it." "Well, Hester, ef we're goin' to wait round here, can't I put on my white apern? They is so many people about and the lace on that apern is so purty."

"Now, Marthy Ellun, some more of your proudness. That's plum in the bottom uv this big basket." I followed out of the station and we

stood waiting for the car. Hester walked higher on the opposite side of the court. back and forth; then she spoke to her sis-

"No crying now, but I'm reel shore that the car hes went off an' left us." Martha then held up her hands. "Oh, me! we'll hev to sleep in the deepo.

jes wisht I hedn't a come." I promised them I would tell them which car to take, if my own did not come first, but that if it did I would ask a police-

man who stood by to help them. Hester

refused.

"No, I ain't no money to throw away on them feliurs. They'd charge me more'n I could afford to pay, so I'll jes ask somebody else. Lean up against that post, Marthy Ellun, an' rest. She ain't one bit strong,' she said, turning to me. "Ben sick most all her life. When she gits older she'll know better how to take keer o' herself. I wuz growed when she wuz born an' I've tuk keer of her ever sense."

Martha twisted her hands nervously. "Aw now, Hester, I ain't ben sick sense I wuz nine an' I'm---

"Marthy Ellun, you've did nothing all day but despute my word. You hev ben sick, but you disremember. You stay wrapped up and breathe through your nose so you won't take cold."

Their car was coming so they got on. The conductor groaned as he lifted their luggage in. The old ladies sat down. "Now, don't be gapin' roun', Marthy El-

lun, cause things don't look natural after night. You wait till to-morrow an' I'll hev The car was gone and as I stood there come for the good Father to call one of

those women home it might be the older one, so that "Marthy Ellun" might have just one thought of her very own.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

has been constructed in the port of Ham-

Matches have not yet displaced the tin-der box in certain rural districts of Spain Insurance companies claim that eveling more dangerous than traveling either by

railway or ship. Imperfect teeth are a sure sign of civilization. Perfect teeth are found, as a rule, only among savages.

It is always a sure sign of rain when horses and cattle stretch their necks and snuff the air for a long time. In the dominions of the British empire ish every year without leaving any trace. The Arabic vernacular furnishes a singular illustration of the popularity of war

in the East. It has over fifty names for The first locomotive in America was brought from England in 1529. In the same the first American locomotive was built by Peter Cooper.

The first indigo grown in this country was from seeds sent by Governor Lucas, of Antigua, who forwarded them to his daughter in South Carolina in 1743. Russia has the most rapid increasing pop-

ulation of any country of Europe. The growth in the last hundred years has been a fraction under 1,000,000 annually. The Chinese divide the day into twelve parts of two hours each. The Italians reckon twenty-four hours round, instead of two divisions of twelve hours each, as we

Two boys of Haskell county, Kansas, recently applied a lighted match to a squir-rel's tail to see if it would burn. The squirran under the house, and the blazing tall soon set the building on fire The average yearly profit to the British

government from lotteries from 1783 to 1824 was over \$1,700,000. On the ground of injury to public morals, lotteries of all kinds were abolished in England in 1826. After having escaped work and arrest

for twenty years a vagrant known as Dad Stephenson, of Springfield, Mo., who was taken into custody, said that until his night in jail he had not in all that time once slept

western Australia is the large proportion of males to females. The disparity is maintained in the arrivals by sea. At present there are forty-five females to every one hundred males.

Robespierre was in love with Eleanor Duplay, and during the bloodlest days of the revolution spent his evenings at home with her and her mother. "You would think she wrote; "he read to us poetry and the Bible." There was a Californian in Los Gatos, twenty-five years ago who dled and left the income of \$200 to buy sweets for the

school children. The fund is still faithfully administered, and in Los Gatos that testator is bigger than Washington. One of the oldest of actual specified diseases would probably be smallpox, which, from its depths a small black shawl, which on the authority of Masudi, attacked the she began tying around Martha's head.

African tribes who made excursions into Arabia, and laid siege to Mecca in the lat-

ter half of the sixth century, A. D. A gold coin passes from one to another 2.000,000,000 times before the stamp or im-pression upon it becomes obliterated by friction, while a silver coin changes be-tween 3,250,000,000 times before it becomes entirely defaced, says a calculator.

The great city of London, divested of fable, began on the bank of the Thames, sur-rounded on all sides except the river by a bulwark of forest, interspersed with swamps, and Paris rose on an island of the Seine, with a protecting wall of water all

In Minnesota there is a girls' school of agriculture, which is, so far as known, the only one in the country. It is quite old now, and the results are quite satisfactory. The students receive instructions in all he said, when things were arranged to his satisfaction; after which, pouring out wine for me, he said a short Latin grace, and attacked his porridge with vigor and attacked his porridge with vigor and tory. The students receive instructions in cooking, canning, household chemistry, endecision, beaming upon me when I showed tomology and sewing.

Verona, in Italy, boasts of a pair of twin sheep, each having six legs. The extra egs are hind ones, of the same size as the normal ones, though they do not reach to the ground. The owner will not sell them to a museum, as he thinks he can make more out of them as mutton.

Mention may be made of an inscription (according to Pennant) on a tomb in Conway, England, churchyard: "Here lietn the body of Nicholas Hocker, of Conway, gentleman, who was the forty-first child of his father William Hocker by Alice his and the father of twenty-seven children,

In 1772 slavery was declared by the judges to be contrary to the law of England, but during the years immediately preceding this date slaves were commonly sold in this country. In the previous year the Bir-mingham Gazette advertised for sale "a negro boy, sound, healthy and of mild dis-

Information comes from St. Petersburg that the transportation of convicts to Siberia is about to be brought to an end, General Duchovski, the Governor-general of Siberia, has urged in high quarters the acceleration of this measure, and it is expected that an imperial order to this effect will be issued shortly. The authorities at one time were so con

but neither of the women knew it and thought that he had been discharged in disgrace. Hester was grabbing and snatching at her bundles. I never knew before

THE LITTLE GENERAL.

It being a Saturday afternoon, Timothy M'Carthy, senior, was very drunk. He had beaten Kathleen, his wife, much

earlier than usual, and Young Tim, coming in soon after, got a stray and careless clout on the side of the head, while poking about A year ago Young Tim might have stood

this, but he was married now, a six months' the time of day, and having also had a glass or two, he felt it to be a breach of

"Ye onmannerly ould sinner!" I heard him shout through the open window, "here's for yez!" and the clout was re-

The free fight that came after is still remembered in Rutherford's Close, off the High street of Edinburgh. They fought the length of the fairly long room, from the fireplace to the door, and back again from the door to the fireplace, as youth or experience proyed the stronger, until Kathleen had screamed herself hoarse, and even the hardened children playing in the dirty court below looked up astonished from their dust and mussel shells.

They fought back again to the door, tugging and straining, at too close quarters to do all the damage they wished, while I watched them from my window, one flat

Then a cunning back-fall sent Young Tim against the door, which flew open, and staggering out of my sight together, they rolled down the dark stair, fighting into the High street through a crowd of interested neighbors, who were too sportsmanlike to interfere.

I, having some weeks of hard reading behind me, and an examination very near, was not so liberal-minded as the neighbors, and, going through the wynd presently, expressed my opinions freely to them concerning Messrs. M'Carthy.
"Another such row," I said, "and I'll get
old McCarthy to the police station. Some

of you can tell him so when he's sober.' They told him apparently before that desirable state was reached, and standing under my window a little later, flushed with victory, he expressed his opinion of me and my manners—which he offered to improve in one lesson if I'd give him the chance. This I declined to do until he should be saner, whereupon he classified me as a cowardly, water-drinking viper, saying there were none such in ould Ireland. thanks be to St. Patrick, and went away to drink again, with the result that a little before midnight Kathleen McCarthy was yelling murder for all she was worth.

I was awake and dressed, and reading,

and I had not forgotten Ould Tim's contemptuous sarcasms. It sounded as though Katheleen was suffering for my shyness of encounter, and that stung me badly. sides, twice, to my knowledge, killing had been done within a hundred yards of that place without any attempt at interference and I had no mind to risk being a party to third such affair. The screams continuing. I ran out and knocked up a neighbor.
"Fetch the police for your life!" I said "and bring them to Tim McCarthy's!" and then I bolted down my stair and stumbled p Tim's until I had groped my way to his door.

There I paused and listened, lurking or sary risks. Kathleen was now scolding and crying at the same time, so the danger was pressing. I did not know how many might be in the room, but I calculated that they were all likely to set upon me together if I presented myself as an unbidden guest, and here I thought I would wait for I listened lest any sudden outbreak should force me to go in alone, but the first fresh sound came from below. A quick step sounded on the wind and mounted the stair. It was too quick and light for one of the police, but came up with the decided sound of a foot that knew the place and had no need to soften its tread. I moved to meet it, and was at once challenged in a clear, firm voice, as a shadowy figure

broke in directly I began to explain. "You frightened him and he has insisted on going for the police, though I told him I didn't think they'd be needed. Let's go in."
"They're quieter now," I whispered; "sha'n't we wait?"

said the voice brusquely; and without waiting for the answer which I was cudgeiling my brains to shape as concisely as the question, the figure threw the door open and stepped in confidently with a Pax vobiscum.

I, ashamed, followed close upon his heels and was immediately put on my guard, for Ould Tim, whose whisky-sodden intellibelieve the salutation had not yet reached, scented treachery and came ne as straight and as swiftly as his condition would allow.
"Pax vobiscum!" The slight, straight

figure stepped swiftly between us, one hand upraised, and Tim came no further. "Stand you back, Tim McCarthy," said the little man severely, "or if you can't stand then lie, but don't come a step this way or 'twill be a bad night for you. But there was no thought of rebellion. When two tall and sturdy members of the city police tramped stolidly up a few min-utes later there was nothing for them to do. Tim lay asleep and snoring in the cor-ner; Kathleen mouned and winced a little under the deft fingers of the priest, who was dressing a cut over one well-blackened eye, while I, a medical, though it is true only in my second year, was humbly hold-ing the candle. The two men grinned and saluted, getting a quick little nod in return, as my companion, safety pin in mouth made a neat reverse of the bandage round Kathleen's head. "We're no needit," said one of them with conviction, and I saw a little dry smile de-

velop as well as it might round the safety The two men saluted again and went away, and we finished patching up Kath-leen. After that the little man, having shaken his head sternly over the unconword to his wife.

"Send your man to me by nine to-morrow morning, Kathleen M'Carthy-and see that he comes sober. Come round yourself after vespers, and I'll look at your head. Now, sir, if you and I are going down the tair together, we might introduce our-

In that way began my acquaintance with Father Munro.
I walked to his door with him that night and did not decline so unhesitatingly as I ought to have done when he invited me to

"It's too late, sir," I said; "some other time, if I may."
"Pooh! Nonsense!" said the old man in his sharp, military manner. "Young fellows like you and old fellows like me are no lieabeds. Come away in, man!" and I went with no further ado. He took me into a fair-sized square room

sparsely furnished, but having its walls hidden by books from floor to ceiling. On a quaint, tall glass of milk, set out daintily with a fine white napkin and an old silver and this I mention, since later found that a mixture of simplicity with touches of daintiness were characteristic of Father Munro. These things he looked at whimsically for an instant, first at them, then at me. and, making an excuse, left the room. Presently he came back triumphant, a bottle of wine in one hand and a plate of cheese in the other, and, setting them down and paying no heed to my remonstrances, went off again to fetch in

"I'm hungry, and can't eat alone," was all he said, when things were arranged to a good appetite, but taking none of his

After supper, however, he allowed himself a pipe; while I, at his invitation, lit a cigarette, and he started to chat. Of the actual talk little or nothing is worth repeating. I recall it only because while I watched and listened he showed so clearly what manner of man he was. His demeanor was courtesy itself, yet peremptory, matching well with the fine, closely cropped head, the benignant face, and strong, firm jaw. A distinguished, almost foreign politeness ornamented his sol-dierly speech, just as a damascening of gold will ornament a good steel blade. I was sure he had lived abroad: I should not have been surprised to hear that he had seen military service, and in my own mind I then and there dubbed him "The Little General." One thing marked him off distinctly from the military types I am ac-customed to; he seemed to have no practical respect for the law, as of general ap-plication, and that showed itself in the one speech which I think worth repeating.
Speaking of the way in which he had
marched in upon Ou'd Tim. I suggested that he ran more risk than was necessary At this Father Munro cocked a clear gray ye at me, and asked me what I would have him do.

times? Did you need run the risk of meeting a mad drunkard, and possibly others behind him, when the police were almost at the door?" But Father Munro was indignant.
"The law, sir! the law! Risk! an The law, sir! the law! Risk! and the lice! The law is meant to protect the sak and the defenseless, is it not? I was

The law." I said, "and the police are

there, and you, sir"—with a polite little bow. "They are my parishioners, and ac-cept me as their judge; yes, and their ex-ecutioner on occasion. Boastfulness is unbecoming in an old man; but at one time, sir, some said I could use rapier and clay-more a bit, and 'ny hand can guard my head yet when I carry try pastoral staff."

He nodded, twinkling quaintly toward a corner of the room, and, looking there, I saw a stout blackthorn

Do you think I go about among my poor children with the law at my back?" hasked, seeming almost hurt at the notion. "I noticed that the law evidently thought you could take care of yourself," I said, remembering the two policemen, and this seemed to please Father Munro. He laughed, and told me that the police were his very good friends, some of them his very good and then the police were his very good friends. parishioners, too, and then turned the conversation, chatting to me about books and my own work until I got up nurriedly, with an apology for having been led to forget

"I must be in your parish, too, sir," I told ilm, "and if a heretic is allowed to come in now and then when you're not too busy, or to hope for a pastoral visitation, I wish you would add my name to your list." The little man, rising alertly to see me out, looked keenly into my eyes for a second, and then held out his hand. "These doors are open to you, my son, whenever you choose, and if an old man's scelety won't trouble you you shall see me up your stairs before long," and he bade After that I began to see Father Munro

often and to hear of him still oftener. Every one who knew him had a word for him, and after havgood been seen once or twice in company I met the Irish among my neighbors on a very different footing. Even the McCarthy's grew friendly, and nothing pleased young Tim better than to yarn away about the priest's doings. He told me of the waking of McClure, of the great Orange fight and of many other matters, in all of which Father Munro was the hero "Faith, he's a man!" young Tim would say at last, in a way that made me think he placed that same man above most of the

One thing, however, Father Munro could not do with either Young Tim or Ould Tim. He could not stop their whisky drinking. Ould Tim would keep off it for a Saturday, maybe two, but rarely three. The he was sober the longer and flercer would be the bout that followed and the worse for poor old Kathleen. As for Young Tim, he drank much less, but a much smaller quantity put him in the fighting mood. He never struck his wife, and he tried to avoid Ould Tim, but when they met both in their curs then and there met, both in their cups, then and there was a battle royal. Thus things were, when one summer Saturday evening, a year after my first meet-ing with Father Munro, I passed into the

court as Ould Tim came staggering out. At the foot of his stair were some angry women, who, after he had reeled by, screamed their abuse at him. Upstairs I could hear Kathleen moaning, and I was screamed their abuse at him. Upstairs I could hear Kathleen moaning, and I was told that the beating had been much worse than usual, so bad that just before Ould Tim had left her one neighbor had gone off for Young Tim and another for Father "I shall sleep," he promised; and then I cold ray instructions

I ran up the stairs, and found the woman badly bruised, but nothing more, and then, on my way to the infirmary, saw Young Tim hurrying away towards the wynd, stick in hand. A little farther on I met the woman who had gone for Father Munro. "His riverence was out," she said, "and wouldn't be in for an hour, when he'd be told," and I passed on, to forget all about the matter a few minutes later, in the work of what is known as intaking, Each medical and each surgical ward has

there will be a resident surgeon on duty to examine and treat all surgical cases, deciding which shall be admitted, and which must be treated as out-patients. This was receiving night for the surgical ward in which I clerked; and being a Saturday, was fairly busy. A battered drunkard or two came in, course, and battered victims of the same. A child also who had been run over, and a girl from the country, at whom the everflourishing fool had pointed the ever-handy loaded gun, though, fortunately, without the usual fatal result. We had seen to the girl, and packed her off to bed; and Mac-

intosh, the resident, was relieving his mind, and amusing us, by telling the fool what he thought of him, what might happen, and what might be the consequence to him (the fool), when another cab rolled to the door. A lively young dresser who sat on the table swinging his legs jumped down and ran out to see what was coming, "A reverend gentleman on the spree!" unced; and presently in came Father Munro. His shovel hat was crushed down

his eyes, his coat collar was turned up to meet it, his face—as much of it as could while Tim's face was buried in the be be seen when he came in—was chalky white, and the face of Young Tim, on whose arm he leaned heavily, was not I stepped forward at once, speaking to him by name as I did so, and "The Little him by name as I did so, and "The Litt General" greeted me with a dazed smile. "Old bones, Mr. Tregenna, and old eyes!

Tim M'Carthy insisted on bringing me "Quite right, sir," I said. "Here's the doctor ready for you," and I introduced Macintosh, being very careful to let that rentleman know the sort of man he had I might have spared myself the trouble. Father Munro was his own recommenda-

I've had a tumble at last, you see, and

tion, and in two minutes was sitting bolt apright—he refused to lie on the table aving two very ugly head wounds examned, and being treated with as much respect as any Pope could desire. were two straight clean cuts, side by side, teross the top of the head, and on one side was another, and the resident stood ooking at them curiously before he asked How did you say this was done, sir? 'I was going up a dark stair," Father

Munro told him quietly, "and I had a Did your head strike against anything? "I expect I struck it in falling," said father Munro; and then, a little more lowly and distinctly, "it was a mistake nade in the dark." might be wrong, but it seemed to me

hat he meant every one in the place to near that, and standing by the resident, looked still more carefully at the head. I'wo clean-cut, parallel wounds on the top. and one at the side. Where before had I ity suggested an offer of whisky and a fill nember, but stood racking member, but stood racking member. nember, but stood racking my brain with

e wanted, wondering all the time. Were you alone, sir? Macintosh asked this while he pushed the xamination further. He seemed puzzled 'I was going up the stair alone," Father 'You must have struck your head twice, cannot remember all. I was rather tunned, I think."
"Rather!" Macintesh muttered to himelf, and then seemed to remember Young Pim, who was still standing and watching

is anxiously from the far end of the room.

Macintosh asked Young Tim the question but it was Father Munro who answered. McCarthy found me at the foot of the stair," and Young Tim said nothing Macintosh evidently thought that the less his patient talked the better, and he asked no more questions just then. We got Father Munro to bed, shaved off the thick, gray hair, dressed the great scalp wound and put an ice cap on the grand old head, and for a time all went me or me sin, I'll break me well. Before we had finished I remembered be judged by a harder man. where I had seen other such wounds, but I held my peace and waited. There was no side-room bed empty, and was put into the ward for the night. "In the morning, sir," said Macintosh, "we'll get you a quieter crib."

"Hope so, sir," Macintosh said, and capped as he wished him good night, which was unprecedented and made even our my hands. His staff made two parailnever-to-be-surprised staff open her eyes | wounds like knife cuts and the other wound When the morning came it was not thought necessary to move him, after all.

Craig, the street preacher, was lying in the next bed when we brought Father

Was caused by the tan. It was hight and the stair a dark one, where the Little General came by his deathblow. If Young Tim, who had often threatened, was waiting there for Ould Tim when Father Munro thought necessary to move him, after all. Craig, the street preacher, was lying in the next bed when we brought Father Munro in, and, knowing him by sight, was at first strongly antagonistic. I heard the words "papist" and "scarlet woman" mut- tend to. If Young Tim has ever to give tered wrathfully while we were getting our charge into bed, and we gave a hint both to Craig and to the night nurse before we there to plead for him.

The old man lay and smiled quietly at

"I shall do very well here, Doctor, thank

The next morning, however, things were very different. Craig, who was my case beckoned me to his bed directly I went into the ward. He held a finger to his lips and pointed that Father Munro was dozing "Yer boots are fair thunderous," he whispered reproachfully. "Can't you see the I took the rebuke calmly, but couldn't resist a dig at him. "I'm glad you leave him quiet," I said. 'I thought you'd be at him if you got a

"There's a time for a' things," said Craig

philosophically. "I've kep an ee on him an' he's a guid heart, though sair misled. We'll hae a bit crack later, maybe, and the Chicago Post. Doctor needna' be feared. I'll keep the ward quiet."

Twice a day Young Tim came for our bulletin, wild-eyed and anxious, and twice I prove that they are able to. "I wonder why so many people go abroad every year."
"A great many of them go simply

azine.

sent him away comforted. Father Munro lay placid and patient, worshiped by the nurses, and respected by all. For three days we hoped, and then a change came. He grew restless, turning from side to side, and murmuring to himself. As I stood watching him from Craig's bedside that night he spoke aloud:

"A wife and bairn," he said; "a wife and bairs," and respected by an. bairn," and was silent again. I was reading the chart that hung at his bed head, when the chief and the resident came in together and looked at him, at which he turned over a little, and looked up into the chief's face with a smile, not quite so bright as usual.

"What's this you want, sir?" asked the chief at last. "One of your parishioners in to see you?" And Father Munro's smile grew brighter. "Tut, tut!" the chief went on testily. " you're off duty, man! Some one else is seeing to your work." But Father Munro laid an entreating hand upon Father Munro laid an entreating hand upon his sleeve, and, beckoning him to stoop, whispered in his ear.
"Can't be done," the chief snapped at him

when he finished.

you, you know,'

'And I for him," pleaded Father Munro. The chief frowned down with the frown hat awed so many students before they 'Man, it's fair ridiculous!" he said: "quite unprecedented. I certify that you're not fit for any duty." But Father Munro pleaded When he finished, Macintosh, standing with the chart in his hand, held it out for

"I'm responsible for

the chief, who, with a snort of impatience, took it, and stepped away towards me. Then he laid a finger on the upward line that marked a rising body temperature, and turned to Macintosh again. "Partly this notion of his, I think, sir."
Macintosh said softly. "He's worrying over
it tremendously, or I shouldn't have troubled you. He slept very little last night,
you know."

"What on earth does he want to confess a man for?" asked the chief impatiently; but that was beyond Macintosh, and he shook his head. 'If things go on like this." said the chief. with his finger on the chart, "I shall operate to-morrow morning."
"What do you think of letting him have his way in this?" asked Macintosh; but the chief was quite indignant, and they went down the shadowy ward—it was growing very late—with their heads to-gether, talking softly, while Father Munro lay and watched, peering anxiously after them all the time. What Macintosh said further I do not know, but they came back to the bed. What Father Munro said further I don't

"What are you doing here at this time of night, Mr. Tregenna? "Taking a case, sir."

"You've no right to be here, none at all.
There's no discipline here. We can't have
this sort of thing, Dr. Macintosh! There! there" (as Macintosh tried to speak); "that will do; it must be seen to." Then he turned and bent over Father Munro again.

know either, but at last the chief called

me, and at once began to relieve his mind

got my instructions. I was to fetch Young Tim to Father Munro's bedside, and I was to leave him there ten minutes. I was to warn him first as to his behavior, and I was to take him away when time was up. Then we all three left the ward—Macintosh to get a little sleep, for he was to come round again later, the chief to go home and I to do my errand.

I found Young Tim sitting in his on room, at the top of a seven-storied house staring out at a cloudless sky, stars were beginning to show. its intaking day and night, during which it receives, if possible, all cases admitted for treatment. On a Saturday night, there-what sleep meant. He heard my errand in silence, and in silence he walked by until-in the darkened ward, where only here and there a glimmer of shown, and where the only other moving thing was the ghost-like shape of the night nurse-we stood by Father Munro.
"Ten minutes, my son," was all that the to a window seat, watch in hand, I left them. Screens fenced the corner in which the bed lay, the last on that side of the ward. I could not see, I could not hear what was going on. Once or twice I hear a stifled sob, hushed at once by the vole of the Little General. Ten minutes dragged like hours. The night nurse, moving like a shadow here and there down the dimly outlined in the nearer beds, were no company to me. Once I raised my watch and hear the sound. I gave them the ten minutes and a fev seconds over. Then I went and tapped at the screen. The voices had stopped, and the screen. when I went round at the Little General's word, he lay and smiled peacefully at me

> "Tim and I have settled our affairs, said the Little General, "and you are witness to it, my son, if ever witness "Tell him, father!" Tim begged.
> "Would ye doubt my authority, Tim M'Carthy? I've confessed you, and absolved you, with a penance and a promise. Fare The thin fingers were extended in bene diction, and then Tim, the tears streaming down his face, crept away into the dark-

ness, and I knelt in his place.

clothes.

"Can I do anything for you, sir?"
His hand trembled in the air once more whether for me or for the vanished man do not know. "An innocent wife and a Father Munro, "Nunc dimittis," and turning his face to the wall slowly, slipped nto dreams from which he never The Little General was carried to his grave with more pomp than ever he had encouraged while alive; and many masses were said for his soul before I met Young Tim again, "Though the use av masses to a holy saint in paradise," as Bridget Mc-Closky said to me, "is unbeknown." I had thought of Young Tim often, hav ing an uneasy doubt concerning him, and passing up the Grassmarket one night had him in my mind again, when he stood be-"Think of the devil." I misquoted and then stopped, for there was light enough to see the words didn't apply. It was a Saturday night, but Young Tim was sober, though excited, and when he asked me for a moment's chat I invited him to my roop. We passed up in silence, I wondering a great deal, but determined to ask no questions. I pointed to a chair and of 'baccy, but I restrained my instincts and faced him in silence. "I was thinkin', docthor," he said at last, "I was thinkin', docthor," he said at last, "that as you were friends with the holy father—" and he stopped again. "What holy father?" I asked. "I know he wanted wondering all the time.

"There's but wan for me," said Tim, and then stopped again. "If you mean poor Father Munro," I answered, "what of "He laid a penance on me," Young Tim said softly, "an' I'm doin' it an' will till I die. He giv' me absolution, too, an' I giv' "Keep it then," I said sourly, but Tim "There's no justice in it. The holy father was always just."
"Shame," I said. "Would you break your promise to a dead man?" "Sure an' I will if need be," said Tim fervently. "You were there, an' what I must know, had he his sinses?"
"As much as you or I," I said angrily, "if not more. You can't get out of it that Tim rose from his chair and faced me frowning.
"Ye don't know," he cried; "I've all to lose if I break me promise. But, if I made it to a sinseless saint who couldn't judge me or me sin, I'll break me promise, and I sat and puzzied it out, while the voices of the children came up from the recking court, and Tim leaned against the mantelpiece, breathing hard, but watching me surveying him in a critical way, with his tasseled cap on one side, after all was done, either of us." I said at last, "The secret lies between you and him, and you must keep it;" and Tim, sober and hard-work-

As for me, I remember that the only time I saw such wounds as Father Munro had was when, in an election riot, a constable my hands. His staff made two parallel was caused by the fall. It was night and tolled up, the rest is easily understood, But an account of that night's doings, I fancy somehow that the Little General will be -Riccords Stephens, in Chambers's Mag-

Peace. Calm soul of all things! make it mine To feel, amid the city's jar. That there abides a peace of thine, Man did not make, and cannot mar! The will to neither strive nor cry The power to feel with others give! alm, calm me more! nor let me die

Before I have begun to live.

-Matthew Arnold. It's More than Likely.



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HUMOR OF THE DAY. He Tries Again.

Teacher-Oh, no! it isn't "Eye-talian"-Johnny-Dago. One of Many.

"Has Jones bolted? I thought he was dyed-in-the-wool party man."
"He thought so himself; but a good deal of his party dye has come off this year.'

"My cwn," he whispered, soulfully.
As for the girl, she acted like one pos-Should Be Investigated. New York Tribune Dramatic Student-The quality of mercy

not strained.

he got married.

Medical Student-You'd better look out for it then; it's probably full of microbes. Another Great Truth. Chicago Record. "A woman is so stupid-she never learns how to sharpen a lead pencil."
"She doesn't have to; if she's the least bit

good looking there's always a man round." An Ideal State. She-Do you suppose his wife really supports him?

He-I judge so. He told me he didn't know what real happiness meant until after

Growing Affection. Chicago Record. "Daughter, I am convinced that Mr. Lampton is really in love with you."
"Why, mamma?" "He has quit kicking your dog when you

are not looking. His Bad Blunder.

Cleveland Leader. "Why." she asked, "do you seem to doubt me when I tell you that I have never been engaged before?"
"Because," he replied, 'you kiss and hug like one who has had experience."

After she had calmed down a little, he tried to explain that he had judged merely from what he had heard, but when he left that evening he knew that she was still disposed to be suspicious of him. A Popular View. Chicago Record. "Mr. Cassock's church is crowded every

Sunday. "What has done it?"
"He is preaching a new theory of the Garden of Eden-that the serpent worked Eve with a bicycle." Didn't Like Him. Washington Star.

"I doan' like er man," said Uncle Eben, "dat sems ter git his chief religious com-fort by regyahdin' heaven ez er place dat 'is enemies is gwinter wanter git inter an'

With Qualifications. Mrs. Flynn-An' phwat did Father Malone say to yez at confissions this marnin'? Mr. Flynn-He said he thought Oi wuz n' besht mon that ivir lived. Mrs. Flynn-That ivir lived? Mr. Flynn-In my line. Mrs. Flynn-In your line? Mr. Flynn-Yes-since Ananias.

Praiseworthy Actions.

Bridget Kelly (coyly)-So yiz wint t' con-ission yisterdy, did yez? An' yez confissed all th' kisses ye've shtole from me the month, I hope! Officer Keegan-Oi did. An' Father Ma-lone s'id he didn't blame me. Bridget Kelly-He s'id he didn't blame Officer Keegan-He did; he s'id thot wuzn't a sin ut all, ut all-thot wuz a charity

Teo Much. Chicago Post.

He protested that he loved her, but she eemed to doubt it. "I swear—" he began.
"I don't doubt it." she replied, "but I prefer proof to oaths." "Then tell me," he cried, "how can I "Teach me to ride the bleycle." she sal "Too much." he returned sadly. She weighed about 180 pounds.